



# CENTURION OUTPOST

EYAHWE

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# Mission Statement

The Centurion Outpost is a Christian Music magazine that focuses mostly on bands that like to use their music as a ministry to win souls to God. We basically want bands that have a ministry to get some exposure. We cover bands from genres such as Metal, Death Metal, Power Metal, Black Metal, Thrash Metal, Speed Metal, Grindcore, Metalcore, Hardcore, Punk, Street Punk, Hardcore Punk, and even some occasional Hard Rock. As you can see we really like our metal, so you can expect coverage of mostly metal bands. This does not make us an official metal magazine but we will cover ALOT of metal bands so if you like metal, you've come to the right place. Luckily it's completely FREE. We will try and email everything once a month, so we hope and pray we can get twelve issues out by the end of next year. If you have a friend who wants to subscribe please have them visit [www.freewebs.com/centurionoutpost](http://www.freewebs.com/centurionoutpost) or simply email Dan at [criesfrommypast@hotmail.com](mailto:criesfrommypast@hotmail.com). You can contact Dan on AIM at Criesfrommypast and MSN at [Criesfrommypast@hotmail.com](mailto:Criesfrommypast@hotmail.com). Thanks for subscribing to Centurion Outpost.

-Dan and Mike

## **Want your band's CD in the Magazine?**

If you want your band to be covered in Centurion Outpost, you can send us your demo or album at 5858 Barberry Drive, Imperial MO, 63052. If you do send us a CD or demo, please include the full lyrics to the songs. We will not review anything that we haven't read the lyrics to. If your lyrics are printed on your bands website then feel free to just email us the link. If you want to be interviewed in the magazine then feel free to email Dan at [criesfrommypast@hotmail.com](mailto:criesfrommypast@hotmail.com) thanks, God Bless.

## Staff Bios

### Dan Terry: Editor in Chief

I'm a 19-year-old college student currently enrolled at ITT Tech. I love metal, especially underground metal. I started this magazine in January of 2005 and have been working like a dog trying to get it off the ground. I do most of the Album Reviews, Interviews, Articles, and occasionally some artwork.

#### Dan's Favorite Albums this month

1. *Transfigural Form: Refusal*
2. *Pantokrator: Blod*
3. *Atomship: Crash of 42*
4. *Hopesfall: A Types*
5. *Sympathy: Arcane Path*

### Michael Yahne: Art Designer

I'm an 18-year-old college student currently enrolled at Jefferson College. I do most of the artwork for Centurion Outpost. I love metal, hardcore, folk, street punk, dark ambience, and rock.

#### Mike's Favorite albums of the Month

1. *Transfigural Form: Refusal*
2. *Opeth: Blackwater Park*
3. *Extol: Burial*
4. *Modest Mouse: Good News for People who Love Bad News*
5. *A Celtic Bagpipe Collection by Green Linnet Records*

## Contact

Feel Free to Contact us about anything, we would love to talk to you! We want as many opinions as possible, and if we get enough we can start printing them in the magazine. We will try and read each and every email and reply to them as fast as possible.

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If you want to write us a letter instead of email us then you can write us at Centurion Outpost 5858 Barberry Drive Imperial MO, 63052

Pantokrator: Blod

Released: 2003

Label: Rivel Records

This is Pantokrator's first official album. These guys play some very mixed up music. Its, doom, goth, brutal, melodic, and death all at once. It's always fun to listen to a band like this because you never know what each track will sound like.

The guitars are played at fast and medium paces. The pace of the album is fast but not ultra fast; there are a few slower doomy parts in there as well. The riffs are very melodic, but the band takes some time out to concentrate on brutality, which is good because this separates it from all the other melodic death metal albums out there. I like how the style is an actual mix of death and black metal, the songs don't just have death parts and ten black parts, but it will be a death and black riff mixed together to evade stereotypes. Overall the guitars are very technical and precise. The only downside to the technicality is the lack of memorable moments. Drumming is very good, very technical and fast where it needs to be. The drums do sound a bit quiet next to the very prominent up front guitars. So this album is definitely more guitar heavy than drum heavy.

The vocals are very well done. There seems to be two vocal tracks going on in some songs, one track will have the lyrics with death vocals, and the second track will have the lyrics with black vocals and have them layered together, which is awesome. There are some very beautiful female vocals thrown in a few times, especially on the opening track. The vocals are good, but for some reason they hide behind the guitars as well as every other instrument. That is my only complaint is that the guitars are right there, but everything else is just muddled in the background to fend for itself.

The lyrics are all in Swedish, so I suppose it doesn't matter if I can understand them or not. Luckily the lyrics are translated into English on the bands website [www.pantokrator.com](http://www.pantokrator.com). The lyrics are very openly Christian. They are emotional but also have a strong dose of old school "shout out Satan" lyrics. I think the lyrics actually match the two prominent styles they play.

Overall Pantokrator doesn't do anything particularly new or inventive, but they do a very good job of mixing styles. If you are a fan of melodic death metal or new school black metal you should definitely give Pantokrator a listen.

Reviewed by Dan.

Sorrowstorm: Collected Works

Released: 2005

Label: Centurion Outpost Records

This is the second CD that will be released on my new label Centurion Outpost Records. This CD is a collection of Sorrowstorm's two releases, Caverns of Grief and Funeral Oath. This is the black metal project of Mr. Felipe Diez III. The songs on the Funeral Oath EP are brutal black metal masterpieces. They have no keyboards or clean singing, just really ferocious black metal riffing. The guitars sound really good, unlike a lot of black metal; you can actually hear the riff instead of just static. Phil uses his excellent talent for drumming very well. He never lets up or stops for a breather, just more double bass and blastbeats than you can shake a stick at. The vocals are very well done black metal shrieks. I think his voice has a clean shrill sound to it that is easier to understand than those who croak and snarl. The first three songs equal eighteen minutes and are the most brutal songs on the whole collection.

The next eight songs is Sorrowstorm's debut album Caverns of Grief. The first thing you'll notice is the difference in production. It becomes easy to get lost amidst all the different sounds. By track five you should be used to the sound. The Caverns of Grief songs also feature keyboards in most of them. The songs focus more on melody than brutality. Luckily it is still brutal enough. Guitars are still very fast and ferocious but are more melodic. The drumming is still amazing, dishing out Mr. Diez's relentless blastbeats. The vocals are essentially identical to the Funeral Oath songs, although Phil does some very soothing clean singing on a couple of songs. The keyboards have a very cool sound actually, in places they even sound water like. They are not used throughout all the songs though.

The last song is by a band called Nocturnal Faith. I have no idea why they are on the Sorrowstorm Collected Works CD but it's a great song with a very Celtic vibe.

The lyrics are very Christ centered. Phil has always described his music as a ministry and these lyrics prove this. As soon as I can have them made I will be selling them for \$6 a piece or \$7 with shipping. BUY IT!!!!!! TWICE!!!!!!!!!!!!

Reviewed by Dan.

Acoustic Torment-My Hope is in You

Released: 1999

Label: Morija

This is Acoustic Torment's first album, and what a fine album it is! This power trio from Germany plays some melodic death metal with some doom metal influences. The production lacks a bit, but nothing to complain about.

The opening track is the really odd electronic intro thing, that's all I'm saying about that. The second song Sick World starts off very soft with some great melodic singing. Then suddenly the harshest vocals ever come in and growl out "THE SCREAM THE SCREAM THE SCREAM." The vocalist's name is Sascha, and his vocals are absolutely SICK!!!! It sounds like he's choking on shards of glass, with a very dry cutting sound in every word he forces out. The guitar work is very melodic, not quite as crunchy on this album as they are on their second album Schwarzwald. The pace of the music varies depending on the song. This album seems to have a lot of doom metal influences because the overall pace of the album is slow; some of the songs tend to drag. The drumming is ok, but not too special, but nothing bad, they just seem absent at times.

Some songs are fast and melodic while others seem to drag along forever until you fall asleep and are awakened by the next song. Those vocals will wake you up pretty fast.

The lyrics are extremely sincere and bold for Christ. Some lyrics are straight from the bible, but some are about the environment and current events. Like the song Atomic threat is about the horrible destruction created by nuclear weapons. The song Environmental Disaster is about saving the environment from pollution. Sick World is about child molestation. Indifferent Humanity talks about laziness and selfishness. I love these lyrics because they were written to make a difference in this world. Some people may cast them aside as cheesy or dry, but for someone who has never heard a Christian metal band before, it would certainly make them think.

Overall the lyrics do stick out a bit more than the music. While this CD isn't bad, it's not the type of album you would be thinking much about after you finished listening to it. A great effort, but I would recommend their second album Schwarzwald instead of this one, but for collection purposes, this is still a pretty good release. To order, go to

[www.acoustictorment.de](http://www.acoustictorment.de)

Reviewed by Dan.

Officer Negative Presents: The Death Campaign

Released: 2003

Label: Solid State Records

Officer Negative started out as a punk band. Some of the members came and went. Finally the band broke up and decided to reform as a hardcore band called The Death Campaign. The Death Campaign was quickly signed to Solid State Records where they began working on a debut full length CD. They toured all over the USA with other Solid State bands until their singer decided to leave the band, shortly after, the band broke up. All of this happened before their debut CD was ever released. So with a studio album just sitting there collecting dust, the remaining members decided to reform as Officer Negative once again and release The Death Campaign album as a sort of tribute CD. This is that album

Now a lot of people will shudder when they see the words Solid State on the back of a CD, but I encourage you to look past the label. The Death Campaign played thrash metal with hardcore vocals and death metal backing vocals, and a keyboards. The guitars are mid paced but speed up at least once in every song, but the overall feeling of the songs are slow. The drums are very repetitive, but not horrible, there's a lot of double bass and some occasionally blastbeats. Main vocals are done in an old school hardcore fashion which sounds more like barking than screaming and growling. The death metal back up vocals are really cool, some very deep growls and some higher pitched black metal growls, the death vocals are only used as backups though. This album also features some of the most haunting synth pieces I have ever heard. This is not your typical Solid State release. What I love about the album as a whole is the way the feelings created by the lyrics are represented by the music, with fast driving parts are played where the lyrics are conveying a very strong emotion.

The lyrics can only be described as beautiful to read. I am assuming this album is a concept album because each song seems to reflect a chapter in somebody's life story. Starting with birth, and speaking of abuse and mistrust created in childhood. In the middle of the album the song The Pile of Broken Tools talks about the lyricist accepting Christ and lays all his burdens on Jesus. Finally years later, in the song The Knife, the issue of unending sin is addressed and the lyricist cries out to God to take him from this earth. Finally the last song is a glimpse of heaven and eternal rest for the lyricist. The album fades out with 2-4 minutes of soft piano. Overall, this is a very captivating release.

Reviewed by Dan.



Soul of the Savior: Farewell to the Flesh

Released: 2001

Label: SOTD Records

This band is broken up now, which makes me very sad because this is an awesome demo. Soul of the Savior played some intense death metal with some killer production. Their demo had three songs and an intro.

The guitars are down tuned and very precise, they have a nice crunch to them. The drumming isn't all too special but provides some cool double bass and blastbeats. The vocals I would describe as perfect. It's a mix up of deep guttural growls and high throaty shrieks. They are done perfectly and are incredibly easy to understand without the lyrics in front of you. The overall pace of the demo is medium, but very intense. I cannot get over well mixed everything is. This demo is not nearly long enough it clocks in at less than fifteen minutes.

The highest point is the lyrics. On the first song Dear Marilyn, he rebukes Marilyn Manson and Maynard James Keenan of Tool. He counters their statements about Christianity and points out the misconceptions that they create. The song Good and Pure is about how Satan deceives us with his lies. The title song Farewell to the Flesh simply tells the familiar tale of Christ's love for us even though we betray Him in everything we try to do on our own.

I would say that this demo is in my top three favorite demos of all time and I really wish this band would have continued. You can get the Tools of the Trade Volume 1 CD off of [www.blastbeats.com](http://www.blastbeats.com) for only \$5, its well worth it since Tortured Conscience: Face of God, and Royal Anguish: Shocking the Priest are included on it. That's three awesome demos for only five dollars.

Reviewed by Dan.

## **Flatfoot 56: Rumble of 56**

Released: 2002

Label: Fat Calf Productions

Last summer at Cornerstone fest I could hear the far of skirling sound of bagpipes

And whenever I finally reached the stage they had disappeared. I was able to meet the guys who created the sounds I had heard, and then I learned the name of the band was Flatfoot 56. I forgot about them until last month when I ordered their first album, *Rumble of 56* (12 tracks, 49 minutes), and was very happy with it. Tobin Bawinkel does vocals and guitar, Justin Bawinkel handles the drums, Kyle Bawinkel plays bass, and Josh Robieson alternates between bagpipes and guitar. Overall the music is very diverse, a few songs such as Great and Marvelous, and All the Time are simple praise songs, and the music on them reminds me of many summer camps I had been to. The other songs switch between (I can't avoid this term) pop-punk and old school punk rock, and drive along fast and well played. The bagpipes make appearances on about 3 of the tracks, and being a great fan of piping I can say that Josh certainly knows what he's doing. There is some crazy grace-note action going on in the opening song Society's Children, which tells pop-culture the truth-that we are all God's children and that we cannot be owned through their TV shows and lies. The vocals also alternate between old and new styles, with Gutter Town bearing a surprising match to Johnny Rotten's style. The lyrics are very ministry oriented, and they aren't afraid to proclaim the greatness of God and his Son. The song America's Holocaust addresses abortion with, "Why should I forget about the bloodshed, aren't we the free, and this is slavery." The album ends with a rousing version of Scotland the Brave, and is a fine epilogue to such an upbeat and joyful recording. Overall it's an interesting listen, I personally like their later material better because they threw of all the popular influences and went completely Street/Oi Punk. Having started in 2001 in Chicago they tour through-out the U.S., and I hope to see them this summer at Cornerstone.

Reviewed by Mike.

Old School Review for April

Mortification: Post Momentary Affliction

Released: 1993

Label: Nuclear Blast

Ahh the ever famous follow up to Mortification's death metal classic *Scrolls of the Megilloth*. This album is still death metal, but not quite as heavy as *Scrolls*. This album introduced Steve Rowe's "new" vocals and added a few industrial beeps and squeaks.

The album starts off with a cool intro of nothing but electronic beeps and squeaks then the sound of glass breaking. Then you hear *The Valley of the Shadow* begin. This is a nice long death/thrash song with some grinding going on. This leads into *Human Condition*, a nice death metal song where you first hear Steve Rowe's new clean yelling vocals. They fit the song with Steve's clean vocals and death vocals trading off. Then it leads us to *Distarnished Priest* (one of my favorite Mortification songs of all time). This is a great death metal song about being cleansed. *Black Lion of the Wind* is another weird electronic track with more beeps and squeaks. The album leads us to the all time Mort classic *Grind Planetarium*, featuring more of Steve's clean vocals complimented by his deep death vocals. This song has some really melodic bass parts, its odd how Steve can create melodies while grinding on his bass so hard. *Grind Planetarium* leads into the instrumental reprise *Pride Sanitarium*. Then comes *Overseer*, which is the heaviest song on the album and sounds like it could have been on *Scrolls*. This *Momentary Affliction* is a short death/grind song with some incredible drumming by Jason Sherlock, a very brutal song indeed. This *Momentary Affliction* leads into *Flight of Victory*, which is Steve's first recorded bass solo. Then comes *Impulsation*, this version is done a bit better than the *Break the Curse* version. This version has some deep death vocals on top of more of Steve's yelling. His voice is extremely high on the yelling parts. *Liquid Assets* is another interlude but has a lot of water effects in it. *Vital Fluids* is another very fast death/grind song with nearly indecipherable vocals. *Sea of Forgiveness* is the outro which is nothing but water sounds.

The lyrics on this CD are all ministry oriented and bible based. This album is so classic because it was Mortification's last true death metal album. It has sold so many copies over the years. It's hard to believe it is already twelve years old. Soundmass.com has been re-releasing Mortification albums a lot lately, so hopefully there will be a *Post Momentary Affliction* re-release.

Reviewed by Dan.

April Interview: Banshee

I recently got to talk to Algar, the one man behind the black metal project Banshee. Enjoy.

**Dan- The 2004 demo was very rough, but the music was very good so hows the new material coming along?**

*Algar- well, its kind of at a stand still right now. I have two songs and an intro and outro recorded. One of the songs is 7 minutes long, the other exactly 60 seconds.*

**Dan- what inspired you to start recording as a one-man project to begin with?**

*Algar- I tried to form a full band, but no one came along. I even tried to find a session drummer for a while, but couldn't, and now I just think that Banshee is best used as a personal emotional catharsis, and too personal to be a full band. Kind of like Burzum, in a sense.*

**Dan- so as an emotional catharsis, what kind of emotions do you put into your songs, what kind of experiences do you share?**

*Algar- It all really depends on what I am feeling when I write/record. It is a very good way to get rid of depression in a healthy way. And I have some need for a healthy method of dealing with it.*

**Dan-Your lyrics can be very surreal especially in the song Wandering Eternal, is all of this metaphorical or do your surrounding affect the visions created by the lyrics?**

*Algar- Both, really. I don't want to write about the mountains of Norway, because that wouldn't be true to myself and where I live. The mention of blackened mountains is actually in reference to a fire near my town in 2000, that turned the forests to a bunch of ashen toothpicks, and burnt a good many houses in town.*

**Dan- The sound quality on your demo was about as underground as possible, will your new material be the same, or will there be increased recording techniques used?**

*Algar- hopefully it will be better, but that remains to be seen*

**Dan-. Would you consider Banshee to be a Christian black metal project with any type of ministry in mind?**

*Algar- It's kind of hard to tell. I feel that my ministry calling is more personal, you know, people I know, am friends with, etc... But due to my faith, there will always be the Christian aspect to my lyrics, since it ties in to my personal life.*

*Whether or not it is called a "Christian band" is up to the listener, I just call it black metal*

**Dan- Have you gotten any responses to your demo yet?**

*Algar- yeah, most people seem to like it.*

**Dan-Any record label interest?**

*Algar-Like I've told you before, I would like to aim for a bigger label like Nuclear Blast or Candlelight eventually, but it will probably be a while.*

**Dan-Do you think that modern Black metal in general is getting better or worse?**

*Algar-I think it depends on what you are looking at. On one hand, you have underground bands like Sigh that push the bounds of the genre, and create something new and exciting. On the other hand, you have the underground bands who think its only BM if it sounds exactly like early Darkthrone, Burzum, or Mayhem. On yet another hand, you have the commercial bands, which are either good or bad.*

**Dan-What bands have influenced you personally?**

*Algar-Oh, man. This is where I leave metal behind. First, Bruce Springsteen got me into rock, and rock got me into metal. U2 is another favorite. In metal, Emperor, Darkthrone, Opeth, Celtic Frost, Dio, Ulver, the list goes on. Another artist that has been inspirational, if not influential, is Django Reinhardt. I'm jazz-trained, and listening to his music just inspires me to get better.*

**Dan-. Well, thanks alot of taking time out to talk to me.**

*Algar-sure thing.*

**Dan-Any closing comments?**

*Algar-Yeah, keep it metal!*



Grave Defier is a brutal death/grind band from Lakewood California. Formed in 2002, Grave Defier had a lot of member changes and style changes but was able to overcome them all and is now a fully functioning unit. They are currently playing local shows in their area. They play brutal death metal, they are currently working on recording material for a debut release. They have a live DVD out right now. They have a very strong mission to spread Christ's message to all that they can.

For more info go to [www.gravedefier.com](http://www.gravedefier.com)

To listen go to [www.myspace.com/gravedefier](http://www.myspace.com/gravedefier)

## Dead Light

### By Michael Yahne

Carrion soared over the field as the warrior awoke. His vision blurred, his head throbbing, he felt the weight of another man on his back. Turning on the ground, he shook off his burden to see the dirty khaki uniform, the white insignia of a cogwheel. As he painfully rose, he saw the field covered with them, and the bodies of his tribe. Standing pale in the twilight he smelled burning flesh. Suddenly, a hand reached out and grasped his shoulder. "Breggan...!" He turned slowly around, his own name sounding so unfamiliar in his ear. "You're alive. That's uh, good...very good. I've been looking for you all night..." Breggan smiled, his mind finally unclouded, "Yes. I made it," he said, his voice rising as he gazed at the carnage around them, and back at his friend. "I made it!" The wound in his side seethed with pain, causing him to fall on his knees as he called out, adding as his friend bent to raise him to his feet, "We beat them, didn't we, Kells, we won?"

"Yes. Watch your step, our machine rifle brought down many around here, see how some of them still lean on their arms, bayonets reaching to the sky as if they were charging at us even now. It must be the cold." Kells helped him over the bodies, piled in bizarre mounds at the foot of the ridge. Breggan could see away over the ridge now, where men piled stones over their slain comrades, and threw the broken bodies of their foes into great, smoking pits. In the east, the sun was rising, casting shadows on the ridge and into the field. Breggan spoke. "If we've won, I don't want to know the price." Kells gave him a somber look; "You should leave for home now. We'll be working for days, and this land doesn't like us. Can't you feel it? It's not happy now that we've disturbed its peace."

"We had little choice in that."

Kells turned their walk towards the surgeon's tent. "I'll have someone look at your side before you go." Under the tent men groaned and wept, Breggan saw that most had already been carried out and saw the long lines of empty cots. The surgeon walked stiffly towards them, his apron stained with gore. "Let's sit you down and take a look bucko," he said as Breggan unbuttoned his shirt to reveal the slash in his side, "Looks like a sword wound, you're blessed that it didn't go any deeper or take out a rib." The surgeon took a bottle of whiskey and poured it over a bloody rag, "But I'll have to cauterize it anyway. Bite on this." He reached for the fire and pulled out the steel poker. Kells held Breggan down as he thrust skillfully down Breggan's side. He clenched his teeth in agony but it mercifully ended soon. Gasping, he was picked up and set in a cot. The surgeon grinned at him, "You'll live. Just leave the bandages alone and you'll be fine. Now rest, it's not likely they'll finish anytime soon."

Breggan slept deeply after the exhaustion and pain of the previous day. He awoke certain that he had dreamed, but what it was, he could not remember. Ever since his childhood he had never remembered his dreams. All the others could claim visions and tell beautiful or dark stories about them, but he was always without that balm. Sometimes he questioned whether or not he did dream, but his thought was cut off by Kells nudging him and saying, "Get up and let's see how you walk." Breggan looked at him in confusion, "This soon?"

"Yeah, we've honored our dead, the rest of the scum can rot. We're pulling out now."

The tent, cots, and surgeon were all gone, the army now gathered on the ridge in strength. Kells pulled Breggan off the cot, and said, "You're fine, just a wee limp is all, here now, the general's giving his speech." They ran to the back of the crowd that had gathered around an old man in a navy blue trench coat with a sky blue collar. His hair was white,

his face hardened into a thousand careworn creases. He stood tall in the midst of his fighters, proud and yet so tired. When he began to speak, the entire force fell silent. "My friends, it's over. I can't put it better than that. We have won a great victory against the combined hordes of the Totalitarian, so many lie on this field that I question whether any have survived. For three years we have wandered in foreign lands so that our own would not have to be ravaged a second time, and through those endless marches I've seen you all grow from boys into the most dreaded fighting force in the known world. Evil has nothing left to negotiate with." At this many in the crowd smiled grimly, but the general wasn't done, "But we can't follow up the victory now. The food is gone, this land is barren. The enemy is helpless now, but we'll return to finish him off another day. So now instead of marching all the way back to our homeland and risk starvation, I now disband you on the spot. Leave now in whatever way seems best to you, and by the grace of Enoch may you return safely." It took a while for it to sink in. Then everyone went their separate way across the land, leaving Breggan standing there alone. Kells shouldered his pack. "Are you coming or what?" Breggan didn't understand his friend's sudden change of attitude, he felt resentful. And something told him that he'd be better off on his own. "No. Not now."

"Well, I think that I'll get a head start. Good Luck." And with that, Kells turned his back and walked away.

Breggan spent the rest of the day sitting on the ridge, resting and thinking of what he would do when he got home. He knew his family would be waiting for him, and Una, she had promised to wait for him. Something inside told him not to count on this, he felt very alone. As he cut into a tin of meat, another uncertainty rose before him. He really had no idea where he was. All he knew was that when they had left they moved in a South-Westerly direction, but in the marsh campaigns and at the siege of the river fortress they had changed direction many times. They had simply followed where there were rumors of the enemy's presence, and now he felt stupid for not following one of the groups that left for home. Maybe he could still catch up with them...

Night found Breggan still pondering until he fell into a fitful sleep, and awoke at noon. The stench from the field was now unbearable, as the sun beat down and scavengers dined amongst the numberless corpses. The meat in his stomach heaved sickly as he rose to his feet and began the journey home. As he made his way past the ridge to the north, he saw below him the great forest they had passed through only a few days ago on the eve of the battle. This place was an abode of demons and he felt very stupid now because what chance did he have alone? He was tired of waiting. The only thing to do now was to go on, demons or no. It was a forest old and vast, but it too had been marred by the warp, a disaster of a forgotten age that rent the world and other dimensions to vomit nameless things into the seas, the rivers, the mountains, the deep places. The forests. The trees around him were black and seethed with a nameless malice; he gripped his sword and pressed on. He had seen a demon once when he was small, a great tentacle covered thing with a maw gaping forth thousands of tiny razors, it had been found in one of the old underground sewers and lured from a culvert by hunters. It lay bloody and reeking on the ground, all five man-heights of it, and he had been told by his father that if he lived long enough he might see one of the "big" ones. He now prayed that he wouldn't see one of the big ones. Still, this would be an unlikely place to meet that particular creature. What was more certain were the wolf-like beings said to live in the woods. As the day waned, the sun disappeared behind darkening clouds, and he made a hiding place in the huge tangled roots of an oak. Spreading his green-gray blanket over him, he gnawed jerky and sipped water from his flask. Then the rain came down, and he cursed its noise, the noise that would muffle the approach of any predator.



He lay there for hours, the fear giving way slowly to exhaustion. He was about to drift off but was interrupted by a sudden ruckus breaking out all around him. There were many voices cursing and shouting, one very high pitched ranting rose above the rest. "Keep going you cretins! We haven't any time to lose, form a defensive perimeter here, careful with that stove!" Breggan lifted his blanket to see a group of men in khaki rushing around in the downpour, hastily pulling a large field stove up right beside him. The Totalists. There had obviously been survivors from the battle, and now they surrounded him. He felt sick, and his heart pounded away as they moved to and fro inches away from him. There now erupted an argument between a deeper, more manly voice and the high pitched one. "I'm not going on. After tonight, we turn back."

"Fool! If we do that, we have no proof of our victory! Our comrades will be expecting prisoners to make examples of. Do you have any idea what will happen if we go back empty handed?!"

"Victory? Do you call that slaughter a victory? We're lucky the pigs are as worn out as we are. Commissar Anrak, you've exceeded your authority by bringing us this far. If you don't obey my orders, I will have a report filed and recommend you for re-education." Suddenly a shot was fired and all was silent except for the rain. Then Anrak spoke, "Threatening a political commissar of the Collective with punishment by his own party is punishable by death on the spot. You all know that. Now what are you looking at!? We continue the hunt tomorrow!" The men went on with setting up camp, and one of them readied a chainsaw and began cutting off the great, curling roots beside Breggan, who looked on his deteriorating chances with despair. His only chance was to make a break for it, but that would mean abandoning his gear and...he soon decided that anything would be worth him escaping the fate of an "example". He leapt up suddenly, and bolted. Those around him were caught off guard, and he soon broke through their camp and into the forest, gunshots ringing in his ears, along with the frenzied shrieking of the commissar, "Get him! Don't let him get away you useless scavengers! Someone's going to die if he gets away!"

Breggan ran like he had never run before. His light, sinewy body was used to the thorns and growths of the wild, but his pursuers were close behind, no doubt the commissar's threat was in earnest. He slid down into a clearing, just as a heavy steel bolt whizzed over his head, and impaled the most unspeakable creature Breggan had ever had the misfortune to behold. Fearfully obese, reeking of brimstone, it towered like some great tower of oozing abomination on ten hairy legs that scuttled insanely over Breggan. Bile splattered on his upturned face, breaking him from his terrified stupor, a great stinking hoof treading on his legs. Twisting in agony, he dragged himself from the clearing, and hid behind a hedge. The Slaughter was sickening. The thing's body writhed with countless tortured faces, it shrieked from its many mouths as it gorged itself on his pursuers, he felt no triumph in this nightmare of flying tendons, blood carpeting the ground, the commissar screaming like a child. He could watch no more. His legs pained him, but nothing was broken. He ran clumsily as far as he could from the demonic feast, praying that he didn't rush into the presence of yet another nameless fiend. He ran until he collapsed into the bracken, his energy sapped from his heaving, scarred frame.

Breggan woke to the sound of birds singing, inappropriate for this hellish wood. He had no idea how he reached this peaceful haven, but he lay there, considering his next move. In his mad dash from the camp, he had left everything behind, everything but his sword, which he gripped, as if that made him feel any stronger. He rested, massaging his bruised limbs and trying not to think of the thing that had nearly severed them. It was hard to think of such things in a place like this. He had passed from the foul wood into

one of the last untouched vales of the world. The sun shone through a canopy of wholesome looking alders and larches, a fox crept around them, looking at the visitor curiously. Breggan smiled and rose to his feet, hearing the sound of running water, he made for it. It was a sparkling stream winding it's way through the forest, Breggan leapt into it, freezing, taking great gulps, the healing draft lifting his sorrow, he smiled widely in adulation. He bathed in the stream as the sun bathed the land in a pale light, slashes of clouds turning to violet and orange in the horizon. He felt as if he had been reborn, in the old untainted world of his grandsires, maybe he had perished and in this paradise would soon join them at Sky Hall. He laughed, now light of heart. A man could spend an eternity in this beautiful place and he felt sad that he must leave it behind. He had been in the crucible of siege and skirmish, seen the fire and felt the flames. Passing through battle, he had escaped the warped beings of the forest, yes, that was his most harrowing struggle yet. He felt unbeatable; a strong pride flowed in his head as he made his way down a gently sloping hill and into a patch of mushrooms. Famished as he was, he forgot all warnings against poisonous fungi and made a meal of the choicest morsels. They were not harmful; in fact they tasted so good that he decided he would take the rest on his journey. He filled his pockets, and continued on his way. Walking all day long, he watched the sun descend into the horizon, slowing his stride. Stepping over the roots of an alder, he made a bed of leaves on the soft grass, closed his eyes and let his spirit drift into slumber. He awoke the next day fully refreshed and waited before setting out once again as he listened to the birds. This soon bored him however, so he rose and continued his journey. He thought of his home in the north, thought of what had become of it. Snow must cover the highlands now, he thought, so hard to imagine cold in this place. He thought of Una, and rebuffed himself for despairing of her promise. It had only been three years, she wasn't like the others...He felt more hopeful about his future, everything looked new and different. He looked back on all the times he cheated death, how at the siege the great mortar had misfired, sending shards of steel into men over fifty yards away, yet not touched him. He was only a few feet away, and had only been lightly burned by it. That, and many others near escapes he now recalled, thanking God for his many deliverances. He strode down the forest path with ease and a light heart; he didn't even see the commissar lunge suddenly over the bushes, Anrak's war hammer bludgeoning Breggan into senseless oblivion.

Breggan awoke to the sound of grunting and cursing, his head splitting with pain. He had never known such pain, even the surgeon's fiery iron had not seared him with such torment, his brain felt like a single pulsing boil of agonized—he didn't feel very good. "Awake, eh? Alright comrades, give him a piece of our collective revenge!" Anrak grinned maliciously at Breggan, holding up a hand as his captors prepared to make sport of him. "Wait, he's near dead on his feet already. It won't do to drag in a corpse, save it for later." Breggan was being carried on a stretcher, his sight blurred by the brain-ache; he could make out only the gray sky overhead, and feel the chill wind. He must've been out for days. They had passed out of the wholesome forest, and were drawing close to the land of the enemy. Freedom had been in his grasp, for this to happen after all he had been through...he began to cry; a fine show for his foes who mocked him and spat, saying, "You filth, you thought that thing did us in? Ha! You'll soon wish it had got you before we've finished with you! Not so tough now, huh, Northern pig? You'll squeal a pretty song in the town square for us!"

The soldier's journey was a short one. As Breggan's sight returned, he bent his neck painfully to see smokestacks cut through the sky, smoke blotted out the sky, and wretched looking people in dirty uniforms lined the way, bowing low to Anrak, who nodded curtly at them. Breggan wished they would kill him now and be done with it.

Anything was better than this torment, anything but this humiliation of being brought as a trophy by an enemy who had not even won the fight. At length, they drew near to the gates of a city, walled off with electrical fences and barbed wire. The gates opened after Anrak had words with the porter, Breggan closed his eyes and prayed that it would be over soon. He felt the stretcher being pulled out from under him, his arms grasped by hands that threw him into a dank, stinking cell. A door closed with a metallic clank, ringing in his ears. He felt utterly hopeless and alone. He yearned only for peace; the embrace of death seemed now to be the one thing he craved above all else. But this could not be brought about by his own hand. He was too weak, and more to the point, suicide would not satisfy inner peace for long in the otherworld. Torment beyond even this would await him. "And," he thought, allowing himself a vindictive smile, "I wouldn't want to keep these devils company for all eternity." He tried to comfort himself with such thoughts, but his reverie was cut short as the cell door swung open to reveal Anrak, backed by two guards in black. "On your feet, pig."

Hobbling to his doom, Breggan gazed into the faces of those who lined the way. Filled with spite and hatred, old men and children shouted and jeered, widows tore at his hair, he fell on his feet. Laughing cruelly, the guards pulled him up again and pulled him to the end of the street, to a mound of earth. A man in Khaki with a megaphone stood there, glaring at Breggan, and gesturing to the crowd as the broken warrior was forced to his knees. "Comrades! This day is a day that will be celebrated for all time; our victory over the northern slime is at hand! Already news of our victory has convinced the other nations to join our struggle, the superstitious barbarians have been routed, here lies one of them now. Look well on this animal; it is the sole survivor from the great battle so many of your loved ones perished in. We are currently occupying their lands, and soon all will join us! Rejoice in this glory of our mighty leader and savior, hail to Baraniche!" The speaker continued for what seemed an age, lies vomiting from his forked tongue as the crowd stood stupidly believing every word. Breggan could stand it no longer. He lunged towards the excrement spewing bassoon, wrestling the megaphone from him. He wanted to scream. He wanted to unleash all his thought on these ignorant chattels, to tell them that all their men lay dead on the field or in the bowels of a demon, that his kinfolk would return to bring this cesspool down around their spiteful heads. He wanted to scream for all time, bash into their brains the truth, the words caught in his throat. The guards were on him in an instant, Anrak thrust a shovel in his face, "dig piggy!" He laughed at this jest; Breggan realized that the end was finally near. He dug, the yells and insults ringing in his ears as the guards beat his back with rifle butts. At last, he was pulled away from his labor, and his clothes stripped from his body. Made to kneel by the lowered muzzles, he closed his eyes as Anrak stepped forward, pressed a pistol to the back of the northerner's head, and pulled the trigger. The commissar kicked the body into the hole, to the wild applause of the throng. Breggan lay lifeless, his foes standing over him.

The mob swarmed over Breggan's body, unrestrained by the guards. They tore at his flesh with their nails, one woman bewailing the death of her husband, sawed at his left hand with a rusty knife, severing it at the wrist. After they had been sated, the vulture-like fanatics left his body in the shallow grave, no one even bothered to cover him with earth. They tore his clothing apart and carried pieces of it in triumph. As night descended, they retreated to their homes; the curfew of the Party was enforced with an iron will. The night was silent except for the churning of machinery in the foundries, preparing the tools of slaughter to be used in the future bloodbath. No one noticed the pale green light rising from the lonely grave. Breggan's spirit was still refused peace, he felt as though his body had been raised again. He spoke wordlessly with some entity

from beyond his ken; a being he could not see but he heard its voice inside his head.

“Arise, Breggan”

“What are you?”

“You shall find out soon enough. You have been chosen for a great work.”

“Chosen? Why won’t you give me peace? I’ve been through enough; I want to sit beside my grandsires in Sky Hall. Yet you deny me?”

“You speak about that which you have no idea. Arise.” At that, Breggan saw that his whole body burned with a pale green glow, and was shocked to see worm like creatures with beak-shaped heads rise out of his wounds. He felt his body being lifted to it’s feet, the strange beings looked at him impatiently with their beady white eyes. The voice spoke, “They are waiting Breggan. The abominations of the Totalists cannot be tolerated any longer. Go out and seek your vengeance.”

Breggan felt that whatever this thing was, it wanted him to destroy his enemies, but no bitterness lingered in heart. He only wanted peace, to slip into the nether regions where all the pain the sorrow of mortality would be but an unhappy memory. As if reading his mind, the voice responded, “There will be rest enough in time. Do not doubt your own strength, I have given you these servants. They will aid you in your fight. Go forth.” Breggan felt a strange power surge through his body, a feeling so different from any he had ever known. He took a step forward, and the creatures shot out from his wounds like rockets, wrapping themselves around buildings, ripping them up from their foundations. He gave in to this power, this dead, glowing light that flowed through his veins, bringing his scarred and broken frame new life and unbelievable strength. As he strode through the city, the light crept over everything, dripping unto the earth where it burned massive holes deep into the ground. Towers, warehouses and apartments fell hurtling down into their blackened depths, the screams of thousands keening above the sound of grating steel and fracturing concrete. The whole city seemed to bend and twist, the long black worm-things shot in and out, here and there, carrying the inhabitants to their doom. Like in a dream Breggan saw the destruction of this hive of slaves, folk to ignorant to loath those who held their chains. They now paid for this foolishness with their lives. Breggan heard them, and pitied the sorry end they had been brought to. There was nothing he could do against the dead light. He walked along the streets in what seemed a never-ending whirlwind of death, at whose center he moved, an awed spectator. Suddenly he turned his head to see the prison in which he been kept, and was able to bend the forces to his will long enough to take it’s upper stories out with a single clean swipe, massive chunks of concrete rained on this last untouched bastion. The prison guards flew through the sky to break like twigs against the ground, staining the cold rock. Walking towards the ruin, he bent over what was left of his old cell, and saw cowering in a corner a young man, no doubt his own age. He fought the otherworldly vengeance down, this had to end now. It went without any trouble however, and he touched the boy on the shoulder. “Leave.”

As the boy scrambled over the rubble and out of sight, Breggan sighed. His work was done. He felt the light die in him, the creatures faded with his sight as blackness engulfed him. His body dropped to the ground, his spirit finally released. Now he looked ahead into the distance and felt at peace. He set out on his last journey.

If you are not a Christian and you want to become one, here are some good facts to know.

1. Adam and Eve were the first humans created by God.

a. They could live with God forever because they were innocent.

b. Satan (the devil, Lucifer...etc) tricked Adam and Eve into breaking God's law.

2. Adam and Eve were condemned to death for their sin and cast out of the Garden of Eden to die.

a. Since they were sinful, their offspring were sinful.

b. We stemmed from Adam and Eve, so we are sinful.

3. God pitied our poor pathetic souls.

a. We were born sinful so we are doomed to die from birth.

b. In order to pay the debt for sinning, a life is required as payment.

4. God came down and walked as a man as Jesus.

a. Jesus was a man but He was also God

b. Jesus was not sinful from birth because He was God and did not stem from Adam and Eve.

5. Jesus died and paid the debt for humanity's sin

a. Jesus was able to pay the debt for humanity because He was not sinful.

b. Since Jesus was God, his death was sufficient payment for all the sins of humanity, past and present.

6. Three days after His death, God raised Jesus from the dead.

a. Jesus rose and explained that He was the judge on whether or not we went to Heaven or Hell when we died.

b. Jesus holds our salvation in His hands because He paid the debt for our sins.

7. Jesus explained that in order to get to Heaven when you die, you have to believe in Him and acknowledge what He did for you.

a. When you accept Him and believe in Him, you will receive His gift of salvation in the form of the Holy Ghost (or Holy Spirit).

b. The Holy Ghost is God's/Jesus' spirit dwelling within you.

c. When you receive the Holy Ghost, you will be able to enter Heaven and live forever with God when you die.

8. Satan is jealous of God's majesty and is dedicated to destroying all that God creates and loves.

a. This means that Satan hates you (because God loves you). So he will do anything to keep you from getting the Holy Ghost.

b. Satan will do this by trying to make you believe ANYTHING but God's truth.

c. Satan will try and steal as many souls as he can from God, before God returns and destroys him.

9. Christ will return to Earth sometime in the future to destroy the world and take with Him all those who have the Holy Ghost, all the rest will be sent to Hell and live in eternal separation from God.

10. If you want to become a Christian and go to Heaven when you die, pray this prayer.

"Jesus, I ask You to forgive me for my sins and set me free from the powers of the Devil. I want You from this moment on to be Lord in my life and I want You to take away the burdens of my heart. Jesus I believe that You are God and that You died and rose from the dead as You word (the Bible) says. I believe that You once and for all, totally defeated Death and the Devil. I ask that You receive me as Your child and to save me right now. Thank You Jesus. In Christ's name I pray Amen."

For more information, read the Bible (available at any public library or local church) and check into a local Bible Believing Church. God Bless you on your new life.

-Dan

